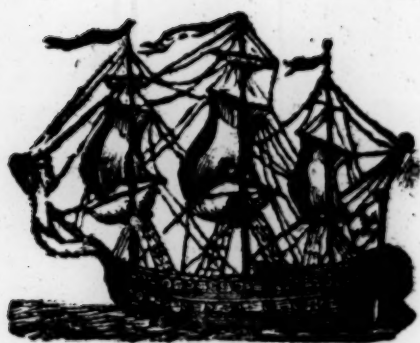




SPANKING JACK.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant so jolly,
Though winds blew like great guns, still he'd whistle
and sing;

Jack lov'd his friend and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king :
One night as we drove with two reefs in the main-sail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-shore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top-gallant sail,
A spray wash'd him off and we ne'er saw him more !
But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog ;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog ;
Longside of a Dory, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
In and out Whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more !
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty that sailor was he :
One day with the David to heave the hedge-anchor,
Ben went in a boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard slipt, when a shark,—and a spanker &
Soon nipt him in two and we ne'er saw him more !
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted,
Because that may-hap we now take our last sup ?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in safe moorings will bring us all up :
But, tis always the way on't one scarce find as brother,
Fond at pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or storm, or some d—n'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more !
But grieving's a folly, &c.

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